JOCO-SERIO:
STRANGE NEWS,
OF A
DISCOURSE
BETWEEN
Two dead Giants, expressed in an Epigram, to one Inquisitive for News, and was composed by occasion of a scurrilous Pamphlet, *ENTITULED,*
A DIALOGUE
BETWEEN
COLBRANT and *BRANDAMORE*,
The two Giants in *Guild-hall London.*

Which Pamphlet was not only intended to abuse this Author, and some particular persons by name, but the said City also, in the late Election of their *Parliamentary MEMBERS.*

Thereto is added an Antidote against all Ill News whatsoever, which proving effectual to many lately reputed Phanaticks, may possibly be vertual to some other.

Jeers *will be self-condemned,*
And stingless if contemned:

G. W.

London, Printed 1661.

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JOCO-SERIO.

Strange News, of a Diſcourſe between two dead Giants, expreſſed in an Epigram to one inquiſitive for News, and was compoſed by occaſion of a ſcurrilous Pamphlet, entituled, A Dialogue between *COLBRANT* and *BRANDAMORE*, the two Giants in Guild-hall, *LONDON*, &c.

FRiend, there is now, no *Good news* to be had,
And, I intend to publiſh none that's bad;
For, as *Affairs* yet ſtand, it may be treaſon
To ſpeak the *Truth*, if ſpoken out of ſeaſon;
And, though in ſeaſon ſpoken, he that ſpeaks it,
May ſuffer by his folly who miſtakes it.
Yet (now I think upon't) a little ſcrap
I met withall this morning, by meer hap;
Which may be ſafely told: for nor to *State*
Or *Church*, but to my ſelf it doth relate;
And, it hath made me ſmile, with ſcorn, to ſee
What heed, *Great men*, begin to take of me. (me
The *Lord Major*, & ſome *Aldermen* have known
Long time; yea, men of all degrees do own me
With good reſpect, for whoſe eſteem I care;
And ſome, who of the beſt *Extraction* are.

But, that's no *News*; or, none, at leaſt, compar'd
To that which now ſhall be to thee declar'd:
For, be it known, that, though obſcurely born,
I am now honor'd with a *Publick ſcorn*
(Divulg'd in print) as if reputed one
Who hath deſerved to be thought upon
Among thoſe perſons, who are in theſe times
Renowned for thoſe *Vertues*, or thoſe *Crimes*
Which in this Age muſt puniſhment receive,
Or *honour*; and next *Age* their judgement have,
When they, who are no parties in the cauſe,
Shall judge men, both by Gods & *Natures* Laws.
Mean while, their cenſures muſt be undergone
Who neither know me, nor what I have done:
For, they, who never heard of me; who never
Did ſee me, nor ſhall hear of me for ever,
Take notice of me, to my wonderment,
And, not a little to my good content;
Since, peradventure, it may ſhortly bring
My perſon to be known unto the King,
Who, if he truly knew me would conceive
That, uſefully to ſerve him I might live,
Although traduc'd I am by ſome of them,
Who, in another mode, have ſerved him.
If thou haſt read in *Legends* heretofore (*MORE*
Of big-bon'd *COLBRANT* and great *BRANDA*-
The *Giants* in *GUILD-HAL*; be pleas'd to know
That, in a *Dialogue* betwixt thoſe two
My *name* is mention'd, with as much applauſe
As I could wiſh, from *Champions* of that *Cauſe*
For which they ſtand; and to as good effect
As I can poſſibly from thoſe expect,
Of whom I never yet much notice took,
And, to whom, in my life, I never ſpoke.

Theſe

These two *Goliahs* (things as big almost
As he, who once defied *Israels* Host,
(And had his Cockscomb crackt by little *David*,
Because himself so rudely he behaved)
These *Ascaparts* forsooth, I know not how,
Pretend to be of my acquaintance now;
And, this is such a *Novelty* to me
That I have sent the same, as *News* to thee.
For, *News* it is to me, and strange *News* too,
That *BUGGS* with whom I never had to do,
Should shew themselves, in my *Affairs* as witty
As in the great *Concernments* of their *City*,
Where they have had a place to them assign'd
At *Publick meetings*, now time out of minde.
Tis News to me, that, *creatures* of their frame,
To any purpose, should repeat my *name*,
Since, probably, they do not know their own,
But, are the greatest *Block-heads* in the Town,
Except it be those foolish *Pamphleters*
That, use to write such *Dialogues* as theirs;
(Or, base *Invectives* tending to th' increase
Of *Discord*, by the breach of civil peace)
And, who, mens honest fames to overthrow,
Shoot poysoned Arrows from an unseen bow,
For, these are much more blockish; and this *Nation*
Will never thrive, whilst these have toleration.
However, this perhaps forewarn me may,
That some as *mighty*, and as *wise* as they
Will mention me ere long, to worse effect,
And with a more malicious dis-respect,
Than these *Detractors* hitherto have done,
Though me, they seem not, yet to think upon.
But, be it, as it must be; *Scorns* and *Jeers*,
Have hung so long, as Jewels at mine ears,

That, whether my *Reproach* be leſs or greater,
I ſhall my ſelf eſteem, nor worſe, nor better
For what, by others, is *done*, *ſpoke*, or *thought*,
Whilſt I, *think*, *ſpeak*, and *do* the things I ought.
He, that takes heed, what to himſelf relates,
Needs not care what the *world*, without him, prates
This, is my beſt *News*, at this preſent time;
That which it wants in *Reaſon*, take in *Rime*.

Farewel.

A Poſtſcript.

BUt, take this *Poſtſcript* too (which, whilſt a taper
One lights to ſeal it) ſhall fill up this paper.
Know, this was not intended to *Retort*
Or *Vindicate*; but, only, writ in ſport.
He that aſperſeth me, himſelf doth hide
Like thoſe Bandetti by the high-way ſide,
Who, cowardly do ſhoot unſeen, and ſlay
Before they dare to ſeize upon their prey;
Yet, though I knew him, I have lately got
So tride a *Charm* againſt all *Paper-ſhot*,
That, onely, ſmiling on him with diſdain
(To let him know he ſhoots at me in vain)
I ſcarcely ſhould, by way of complement
Spare him ſo many words, as *Marſhal* ſpent
On his *Traducer*, when, this *Verſe* he flung him,
Nos, ab hac ſcabie, tenemus ungnem.
Whoſe ſenſe is (in the Language of this *Iſle*)
To ſcratch this *SCAB*, my nail I'le not defile.
Know alſo, that the Cauſe I do not dread
Thoſe fearful *Rumours* which are lately ſpread,
Is not, for that, I think, or do fore-ſee
Such things, are things impoſſible to be,

For,

For, when I heed, that ſtill the ſelf-ſame *path*
Is trodden, which an evil tendance hath;
And, that, moſt men ruſh forward in that *Round*
Wherein their *Predeceſſors* ruine found;
When I perceive the *Vices* heretofore,
Not onely to be ſtill the ſame, but more; (ther
That, nor *GODS Judgements*, nor his *Mercies*, whe-
Paſt, *preſent*, *ſingle*, or joyn'd both together
Regarded ſeem; nor wholſome counſels given
By men, or timely warnings daign'd from heaven,
But, that, ſtill, wicked wiſhes, helliſh prayers,
Revengeful Projects, Jealouſies, Deſpairs,
And curſed ſpeakings, daily aggravate
That *Animoſity* and ſecret hate,
Which at the firſt begun our ſad *Diſtractions*;
And are fomented ſtill in ſeveral *Factions*,
Through that neglect of *Juſtice* and *Compaſſion*
Which might effect true Reconciliation;
I fear, what may to other men befall,
But, fear not in my own reſpect, at all,
Becauſe, that, whereto things now feared tend,
Have brought my hopes already to an end,
As they concern this *world*; except, refin'de
GOD ſhall reſtore them, when they are *calcin'd*.
The *Rumors* which I hear, to me ſeem toyes,
Like Squibs and Crackers which affrighten boyes,
For, his *Protection* I am ſheltred under (der.
Who ſpeaks in love, ev'n when he ſpeaks in thun-
His *Judgements* are upon us, but the flame
Will burn them, who are kindling of the ſame;
For, by the paths which I ſee by them trod,
I finde our *Foes*, are not the friends of GOD;
And, that when all our droſs, away is fum'd,
They ſhall be purged too, or elſe conſum'd.

He

He that ſecures me, will ſecure all thoſe
Who ſhall their confidence in him repoſe.
No cauſe have any men to fear *ill tidings*,
Who underneath GODS *Umbrage* have abidings:
For, whatſoe're ſucceeds, yea, come what will,
It comes to them for *Good*, and not for *Ill*. (ſtroies,
That will new-make them, which their foes de-
Diſgrace ſhall honor them, grief bring them joyes;
Ev'n *Death* it ſelf, ſhall be true *lifes* poſſeſſing,
And ev'ry *Curſe* be turn'd into a *Bleſſing*.

Then, all we have to do, is, down to ſit
Beneath this *ſhade*; all things to GOD commit.
Pray to him for our *ſelves*, our *friends* and *foes*,
And praiſe him heartily for all he does.
If this be done, we ſhall be free from fears,
Although the world doth all it can, or dares.

G. W.

FINIS.